Hurry Up.

For months past every morning we have heard the words which head this item coming up from the street beneath our window in a tunnel full, a ringing voice, telling us in tones that all may hear to "hurry up." What for? That, for a long time was a sore puzzle, or else it was by no means safe to be wakened before the sun and bid to hurry up by some outside barbarian. The words would have been more tolerable if they had come from the kitchen or breakfast-room accompanied with the information that the morning meal was ready. Then we might be willing to hurry up and hurry down, and hurry up the cakes, and hurry through with breakfast, and hurry back to our quiet room, leaving an order with Betty to hurry up the TRIBUNE as soon as the carrier who really was hurry enough threw it down by the basement window.

But to be bid to hurry up by some fellow in the street every morning about the time slight stretches of daylight began to hurry in through the blinds, was too much for our equanimity, and we determined to detect the delinquent who made night hideous and morning miserable with his everlasting hurry up.

So we hurried up one morning at the first cry, looked down upon the street and saw — no one trying to hurry up his early customers, those who must get up and get an early breakfast, and get early down town to their daily labor, where they will have to hurry up all day, for all the working world of this City are always in a hurry.

So it is hurry up all through life. The little boy is anxious to hurry up to an equal size with his big brother, and the big boy is still more impatient to manhood. The man is trying to hurry up to a matrimonial climax of happiness, and a position in life which would alone can give him among the hurried up "upper circles."

The little girl is equally anxious to hurry up from the cradle to the parlor, ball-room and "wedding tour."

What a load drawback upon the pleasures of our morning nap and dreams is that ominously it always cries out in our ears hurry up. Through life, boy or man, girl or woman everybody or something is constantly hurrying us up, and at last hurries us down where midnight or morning cry will ring in our ears, walking us to and fro exits, with a demand for us to hurry up. N. Y. *Tribune*

New York Glazed

Gotham [illegible] yesterday [illegible] the job yesterday in [illegible] sale-rooms, [illegible] of the city [illegible] walking [illegible] everybody [illegible] by the [illegible] rubbers; [illegible] be, for [illegible] should [illegible] [illegible] a pair of [illegible] [illegible] a sixpence [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

Never [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] trying to [illegible] customers, those who must get up and get an early breakfast, and get early down town to their daily labor, where they will have to hurry up all day, for all the working world of this City are always in a hurry.

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Our Country Abroad.

The London Morning Advertiser [illegible] ing upon the conduct of the British and French governments in regard to the events in Europe, gives utterance to the following bold and necessary remarks:

"Men look to the West, to the American Republic, and what do they perceive? A population growing like the prophet's gourd, universal prosperity, intellectual energy, license of thought, liberty of action, public law that reaches every person, private opportunity that may make the Chief Magistracy, all in the State, and the State for all, not for a few or for one. Economy at home, power abroad, are the fruits of that democracy. The Legislature is the real voice of the people, the executive its arm. They have a principle in action — the will of the many — and, without fleets, without armies, the United States will shock the New World, and frighten the old.

"The people of Europe have not to go far for the liberation of Kossta. They have seen a Hungarian rescued from the deadly fangs of Austria as simple American Captain. Our Consul at the Dardanelles [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] tempted only told to take down its gallows and begone. What then? Where is the blustering brigands? Where are the notes, where are the cases, what has become of the remonstrance, which has heard of the retaliation?

"The United States have saved a brave man's life, vindicated their own honor, and won the world's applause, and the treacherous and long-known house of Austria has slunk like a thief from the case."

After another home thrust at the governments of England and France, it continues:

"Capt. Ingraham defied the power of Austria alone on the waters of Europe. England and France, even to aid Turkey, dare not enter the Black sea. The American saved Martin Kosta from the hands, by manner, not his guns, calling out his boarders, and clearing his decks for action. The 'tremendous' fleets of England and France are ready, no doubt, to scatter the Seraglio and to shell Constantinople, but their cannon pipe to prayer, and many their frowns are in the sun, while Russia, at our ally and ally, will go into the air by an overwhelming Russian armament."

Living Without Work.

"Herbert" has related a poor man last night, who found employment only on the morning snow in the month of seven shillings. "I wish I was about to die in [illegible]" Just as long with such wretched [illegible] [illegible] a necessity for dying [illegible] [illegible] Just as if living were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]